

HELEN KELLER SEES FLOWERS  
AND HEARS MUSIC

~~HAZEL~~  
~~Robert~~ G. Kinscella

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HOUSE FOR THE BLIND**



"I put my hand on the violin or the sensitive diaphragm of the radio, and my body is flooded with rhythmical vibrations. My mind transmutes the silvery nerve thrills into bird songs and wind songs, the tripping of tiny streams, the fluttering of moth and bee, the tremulous lisp of leaves. Thus my conception of music is built up of association and analogy."—HELEN KELLER.



# Four Small Homes With All Essentials

They Prove That Economy in Size Need Not Result in a Packing-Box Effect

H. ROSSITER SNYDER



*Home of Burton Shelley, Guilford, Connecticut, a modern small house built on the unit plan. The line of the later roof addition is still seen in the shingles*

ford, Connecticut, is an example of simplicity and beauty on strictly modern lines. The left half was built and served, with its rear ell, as a complete home for some years. Thereafter an additional large room was added at the right hand. The different age of shingles shows a slight line of demarcation on the roof.

The other two cottages show another type of satisfactory small house, picturesque in appearance and comfortable to live in. With these the roof slopes are comparatively steep, permitting good head room in the half-

story rooms and also an air space under the ridge for insulation against heat and cold. Tiny windows have been placed in the peak at each end. When opened these give a good circulation of air to disperse the heat of summer sun upon the roofs.

With this type of cottage a large living-room may be provided by using one-half the lower floor, the other half to provide dining-room, kitchen, and back porch. Upstairs these cottages furnish good space for two sizable bedrooms and bathroom. Here we find the essential five rooms and bathroom, all that one usually has in expensive city apartments.

The very small two-story house, at Guilford, Connecticut, has everything many of its larger (Continued on page 115)

of the bedrooms may be eliminated and the dining-room condemned to a dining alcove. The up-to-date unit plan of building homes permits beginning with the essential rooms, always with a thought as to how the next unit is to be designed and added to the main block.

That attractiveness may be a handmaiden of simplicity and small size is proved in the accompanying photographs of homes which can be built at moderate cost, even owned on the pay-as-you-go plan. The majority of the cottages shown are "old-timers." It is from such original sources of small-house design that we may achieve time-enduring style satisfaction in new homes of today.

The Burton Shelley cottage, at Guil-

*Below: Small houses may verge on the dollhouse and yet lose nothing in attractiveness, as witness this cottage, in Lyme, Connecticut*



*Above: A quaint cottage at Saybrook, Connecticut. The slope of the roof, almost vertical, gives maximum head room on the second floor*



*Above: A small house, honest in every element, with the simplest possible lines. The well-cared-for grounds enhance qualities of the house*

# Helen Keller Sees Flowers and Hears Music

Flowers Have Personalities, too, and Music Is More Than Sound, Says This Remarkable Woman

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSELLA

MY MOST startling lesson in seeing and hearing, in learning of the unseen personality of flowers and of the enchanting inner beauties of the world around me, came to me today, as I visited for an hour with Helen Keller, who can neither see nor hear, and yet finds joy in the flower garden and in the music of the spheres. I asked her how she was able to enjoy these things.

"In replying to your question," Miss Keller said to me, during the course of our conversation, "my ways of seeing and hearing the outer world are difficult to analyze. Indeed, I am almost convinced that my impressions cannot be expressed except in mystical symbolism. When I try to tell people my idea of natural phenomena beyond the reach of my senses, I am profoundly troubled by the noteness of my inner life, and yet the tenseness of it is fresh and throbbing as a physical reality. Things perceived by the spirit are imperfectly articulate. Only the greatest poets can put into words adepts of soul experience.

"I put my hand on the violin or the sensitive diaphragm of the radio, and my body is flooded with rhythmical vibrations. My mind transmutates the silvery nerve thrills into bird songs and wind whistles, the tripping of thin streams, the twittering of moth and bee, the tremulous purr of leaves. Thus my conception of music is built up of association and analogy.

"I am extremely sensitive, not only to musical vibrations, but also to the exhalation of flowers. Beside their delicate texture and fragrance, I feel a soul in them. By this I mean the personalities of flowers. Subtly they suggest human attributes. Some flowers are friendly, lapsing themselves to our moods. The rose lends itself to all our human experiences, like a versatile companion. Some flowers have shy spirits that seem embarrassed when I touch them. The pansy actually shrinks from the human hand. Other flowers caress my palm with tenderest speech of curling petal and stinging leaf. Everyone feels the modesty of the violet and the thought that looks out of the upturned face of the pansy. Who does not welcome the hearty laugh of the peony, the childlike gaiety of daffodils, the mystical quality of lilacs, the innocent good sense of chrysanthemums and marigolds? Anyone can see that ranunculus are cheerful, god-natured, workaday friends of man, and that the poppy flower is an optimist, keeping its face ever towards the sun.

"Professor Villey, a blind Frenchman, believes that my pleasure in music and color is derived thru auto-suggestion rather than perception. I imagine this is true, but it is also true of everyone else."

Unexpectedly Miss Keller's constant use of the words "see" and "hear," in view of her personal handicap. "Miss Keller will see you at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon" had come the telegram signed by Polly Thomson, Miss Keller's loyal friend and secretary for many years.

When I arrived at the Forest Hills (Long Island) Station a little after 3, my first impression was that of a Tudor village, the ivy-covered red brick building, the great tower, and the big speaking clock, all reminding a visitor of an old English scene.

WHEN I descended the steps to the taxi stand and asked to be taken to Miss Keller's home on Seminole Avenue, I was told by a driver that I need not ride, it was "just a two minutes' walk," and was then directed how to reach the main boulevard, two blocks distant. "When you get there, anyone will direct you," he added.

I found this true and also that all the townsfolk were interested in doing so. Two school girls, at the corner drugstore, overhearing my request for direction, volunteered to guide me personally and walked with me all the way to Miss Keller's gate, telling, all the while, of the love and admiration her neighbors have for her.

My first impression of the house, standing behind the iron fence and rather high-clipped hedge, was of a three-story pink-brick and stone dwelling, partly overhung with glistening ivy, the windows to the south being all shielded with striped awnings.

My ring at the door was answered immediately by the appearance inside the screen of a beautiful, magnificent, brindled Dane, quite the largest dog that I have

ever seen. He was followed immediately by Miss Thomson, who welcomed me cordially and

took me at once thru the restfully furnished porch and a charming flower-scented hallway, to the family living-room. I was seated and left in charge of faithful Hans, the big dog, who stretched his huge form across the floor directly in front of me, and stayed there in an attitude of watchful waiting while Miss Thomson went to call Miss Keller.

No portrait can, or does, do justice to the great personal beauty of Miss Keller. I thought instantly, as with high-held head, and erect, high-spirited person, she came towards me across the hall and the parlor to greet me graciously and hospitably.

"I am glad to meet you," she said quietly but distinctly, as she took my hand. "Kinsella—that is a Scotch or an Italian name? But no, you are an American, aren't you?" she continued, as we all three seated ourselves on the davenport, Miss Keller in the center.

The impression of Miss Keller's great charm deepened, as sitting there so quietly in her modish gray dress—her only decoration a string of pearls—she asked and answered questions as naturally as any hostess might.

That my questions and conversation were conveyed to her hand by Miss Thomson seemed, after the first instant, not at all an unusual way to converse. Miss Keller's diction and her command of the English language are such as to call for comment in this day of careless speech.

"YOU wish to know what home and garden mean to me," she said, at once. "My garden is my greatest joy. I feel that I am in the seventh heaven when among my plants. I feel the little heads pop up to look at me—my poppies, pansies, and pinks. We had a fine time in our garden last night with the hose. We have just set out a little Siberian elm tree, and not knowing that it was going to rain in the night, we watered it well. It took two of us to drag the hose around, and I got so dirty. You should have seen me then. I was a regular 'black hand'!" This with an expressive motion of her hand and a smile at her own pun.

"There in my garden I have my 'green circle' where I walk for at least an hour every day or evening. It is very

(Continued on page 133)

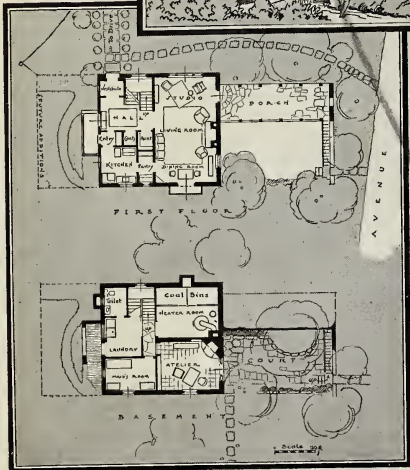
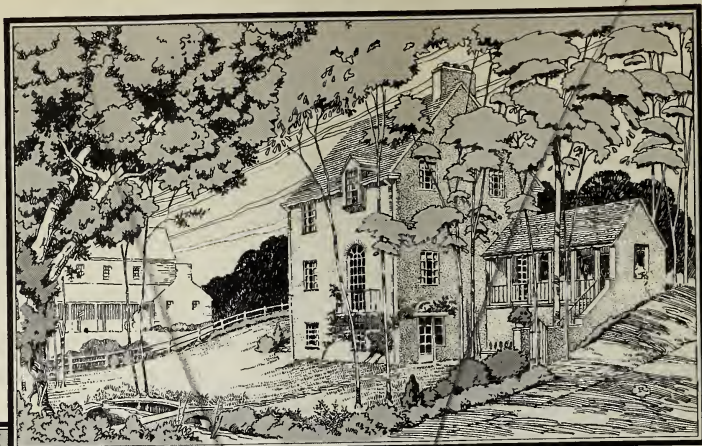
"I am extremely sensitive, not only to musical vibrations, but also to the exhalation of flowers"





# How a Teacher and an Architect Utilized

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*The plans, the elevation, and the sections grouped here show the interesting possibilities of the basement in a house which is built on a lot that slopes away from the street. A new, light, charming room is provided at little extra cost, and the house is given an individuality which makes the whole plan full of interest and character. The second-floor plans are on page 108*



WITH so many building sites comprising sloping ground, designers of small houses are beginning to pay more attention to the possible intensive use of the basement for other than the often questionable practice of employing it for garage space. Presented here are two newly built homes, where, in each case, the grade of the lot was frankly admitted, with an attempt to take the greatest advantage of it. One dwelling was built for a school teacher, the other for an architect. Both are "problem" houses.

The general requirements that were necessary to fulfill in the teacher's house are characteristic of many a family. First, sleeping quarters were needed for the parents, a daughter, two vigorous sons, and for the grandmother of the children, who was to be a frequent visitor. As the parents were active in the social life of their community, a room of fair size in which

to entertain guests was likewise essential. For the meals, with a family of this size, something more than a breakfast alcove was necessary; a porch was of course desirable. In addition to these usual elements of the home, the occupation of the master of the house was such that a study of fair dimensions, of some seclusion, and thoroughly comfortable, could not be omitted. Such requirements should present no difficulties to the architect; in fact, the possibilities made for a pleasing opportunity in the way of design. There was, however, one further exaction, and most exact it was, influencing the design to as great an extent as any of the foregoing items: the absolute limit of the capital available. This guiding fact brought out the resolution that the house must be small and must be filled with usable space inside its four walls and roof.

At the outset it was decided to purchase the most advantageous lot, for such a

dwelling, available in the desired localities. This being in very much of a suburban ancient farmer's conception of a building site was followed. From street level a fairly steep incline, approximately one foot vertically to five feet level, rose for fifty feet, from which point the ground flattened out. There also a slight grade following the slope to the road. After arriving at a general scheme for the house, a spot on the level was selected; this was half on the level position and half on the slope.

THE house in general followed the plan of those which have three bedrooms, a bathroom on the second floor. The third floor was devoted to a capacious bedroom with another bathroom. On the first floor the living-room, 26 feet, supplied the desired area for entertainment and engulfed what would be usually devoted to a dining

# Helen Keller Sees Flowers, Hears Music

[Continued from page 33]

narrow, but it reaches to the stars! On one side of this narrow walk is a privet hedge; on the other, small evergreen trees to guide me in my walk."

"We have as many things as we can. Our clematis is just planted. It is always a miracle to see young trees grow. I take unusual joy in the dogwood and the wisteria, of which there has been a profusion. And here is syringa earlier than usual," she concluded, indicating with her right hand an exquisite cluster of syringa and white peonies which stood in a quaint blue bowl on a low table in the hallway.

"Are all these flowers from your garden?" I asked, for the room was fragrant with the odor of the blossoms which were everywhere so tastefully arranged.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply, "but you must not think we have a big garden because we seem to have so many flowers. We shall show you what we have before you go. At best, it is not much," she concluded modestly.

"Miss Kinsella is looking at our flowers," Miss Thomson told Miss Keller and as I looked at each of the lovely bouquets, the two hostesses united in telling me of their history.

At one end of the divan upon which we sat was a low table and on this was another bowl full of white peonies.

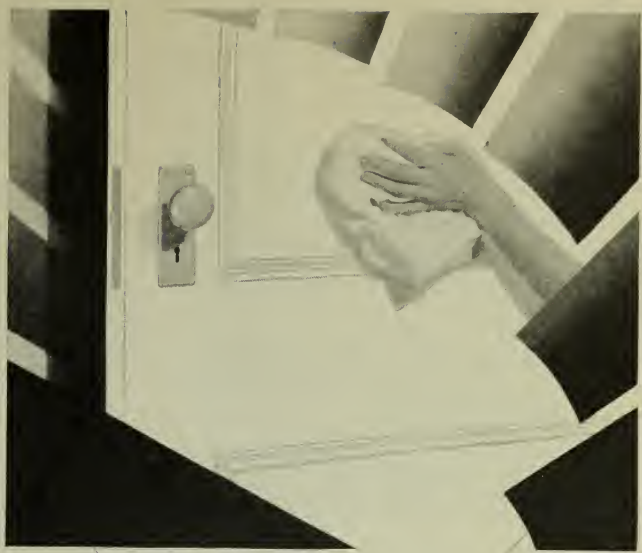
"I adore the peonies," said Miss Keller. "Since my childhood I have adored them and have been glad each spring when the miracle of their bloom has been wrought again."

Beside me, at the other end of the divan was a higher table, and on it was a tall bouquet of violet and cream iris. On the library table near the fireplace was another bouquet, this one of fragrant red roses and white peonies. I mentioned their fragrance.

"I really like no flowers without fragrance, as fragrance is their soul, to me," said Miss Keller. "As color is to the eye, so is fragrance to me my way of recognizing them. Also I feel them—their form, shape, stem, even their pistils. Such a joke was played on me," she added with a characteristic little gesture. "What I took, one day, for a petunia, bless you, was a tobaccoflower. So I had to 'look' very closely again to see whether the stem was round, or square. . . . Yes, I like those red roses. We have some nice red buds on another bush out by the front walk, a bush we thought dead from insects. The bugs like my flowers, too!"

There was still another wonderful spray of flowers in the room—a gorgeous spray of salmon-colored gladiolus which set at the opposite end of the fireplace under a life-size oil-painting of Miss Keller at the age of 14, painted by Munsell.

**H**ANS—the beautiful big Dane was sent Miss Keller just a year ago in June by her German publisher in Stuttgart—was meanwhile interestingly watching every movement in the room, and when his mistress rose and started to take her turn the house before going out into the garden, he rose and followed closely behind her. We went thru the dining-room. Cheery sunshine flooded it, streaming



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across the blue rug and onto the table. Here Miss Keller must stop to "see" with her fingers a dainty centerpiece of old-fashioned flowers. There on to the "radio" room, so-called because in it is installed the device which is one of Miss Keller's greatest pleasures.

"Here is my radio. It enables me to feel the beautiful music every night. I like the Goldman band concerts, the quaint old melodies some entertainers sing, comic opera, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Wagner. It is so tantalizing when one feels the announcer's voice. I can distinguish the various instruments, the human voices, and the applause. This age of invention is so astonishing! What is my favorite music? One of my favorites is the Wagner "Fire Music." Then one time Heifetz, the famous violinist, played for me especially, while we both chanced to be in Denver. I like best of all that he played the "Hunting Song," but—I could feel the song of the deer at its end."

"The radio was a gift from Atwater Kent," said Miss Thomson, "and when it gave her so much pleasure, Miss Keller at once asked him to give 250 more radios to as many blind people whose addresses she gave him. And he did it."

With a skillful twist of the hand, Miss Keller turned the radio going, touched it lightly, adjusted it again, then with one hand barely touching the frame, and head slightly tipped, she "listened," while instantly her free hand indicated the rhythmic pulsations she was feeling.

A thrill went thru me as I recognized the music which the radio pianist was playing, for the coincidence was so startling! In a moment Miss Keller turned her face slightly toward me. "It is the 'Moonlight' Sonata, which Beethoven, the deaf pianist, played for the blind girl."

THEN we went upstairs. On the third floor are Miss Keller's bedroom, personal library—all four walls full of books—and her sleeping porch and study. Here was another light and airy spot, all windows. An easy day-bed stood near the windows at one end of the room. On her table were typewriter and books. About our feet scampered the cunningest of gray maltese kittens playing with a bit of paper which Miss Keller had tied by a long piece of dark-blue yarn to a knob of one of the drawers of her antique maple chest.

"What are your favorite books?" I asked.

"They are many," was the answer. "Just now I have been reading 'Out of the East,' by Lafcadio Hearn; a book of Conrad's; Hudson's 'Green Mansions'; 'The River'; and here is a book given to me by a friend in Philadelphia not long ago—put into Braille for me. It is 'Abraham Lincoln and the Hooker Letter.' Louis Kolb, who gave it to me, has several Lincoln keepsakes, among them a pen with which the great president signed many momentous documents. When they put that pen into my hand I couldn't help kissing it!" and she suggested the act with a simple gesture.

The Bible lay on a table near the bed. "My Bible is always within reach of my hand. It is my ever-increasing fountain of sun and courage. I read it so much."

It has been commented upon that Miss Keller has possibly acquired much of her lovely command of the English language thru reading the



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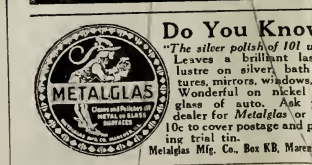
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Bible. When this was mentioned, she assented. "It is more than possible. If we read the Bible we get all the English we need—a combination of simplicity and greatness. We may well read it for style as well as for our heavenly inspiration."

Then we went downstairs to go out into the garden, Miss Keller leading the way down the stairs ahead of me as quickly and lightly as a little child might.

"You will be surprised what a tiny thing our garden really is," she warned me, as we stepped outside. "Most people expect an extensive garden or a banked-up one. It is just a pile of sun, songs, blossoms, and butterflies, for what else matters? One lady wrote me in a letter, 'You must have a gorgeous estate.' I answered her, 'We have just a wee bird's nest!'"

Here she stopped, felt for a moment, then located her rose geranium plants and broke off some leaves, of which she smelled the spicy odor, then handed them to me.

NEXT to the house was a spot where the tulips and daffodils had just finished their blooming. Now the later flowers were coming into blossom, and all along the house, inside the front hedge and along the wall behind at the side of the lawn, were representatives of almost every lovely flower that grows. Here were Canterbury-bells, half delphinium, rosy columbine, multi-colored phlox, modest violets, daylilies, spotless fragrant Madonna Lilies; and for the fall, chrysanthemum, dahlia, and late gladiolus plants. Near the fence was a showy bunch of gaudily colored oriental poppies. When Miss Keller slipped her fingers under the cup of one of those flowers to show it to me, the petals, already full-blown, fell off into her hand.

"A pool of crimson beauty in my hand," she said, then tossed the petals aside.

"My impressions of color are emotional, symbolical. I am interested in the theory that there is a correspondence between all the colors in the visible world and the soul within."

"Here is my bird-bath—I really do have a garden full of songs!"

Right before the bird-bath, near which Miss Keller often sits, is a long cement seat, and not far away is the real heart of the garden—an exquisite marble statue of "Rebecca at the Well," a gift to Miss Keller from her teacher, Miss Mary.

"We thought it so appropriate a gift," said Miss Thomson, "as 'water' was the first word that Helen learned and realized as the name of something."

At the foot of the statue is another tiny bird-bath, and green ivy covers the ground. Next to it, reached thru a trellis, is Miss Keller's "green circle," a narrow gravel path lined by her evergreens—"To guide me."

"They are my favorite trees," said my hostess. "They are, to me, all that is lovely and un fading in our nature. They symbolize words that breathe and speak after life is done, and that go on thru the air sweetening and ennobling it."

And as I said good-by and took my departure—after being given a fragrant little rose by Miss Keller to complete my bouquet—I carried with me a mental picture which will not fade, of a homemaking heart, of a pious and valiant traveler on the path of Happiness.

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# The Children's Pleasure Chest

Holds a Whole Menagerie!

Conducted by LOUISE ROCKWELL



## A Pig in the Parlor

by Marguerite Godé

PATCHES and Cream Puff and pink little Wag sat with their heads close together on a dewy bright morning in early May. What they were talking about might have remained a mystery forever if the words had not fallen and scratched themselves deeply into a stone nearby.

"Why is it," asked Wag sadly, "you never hear of a pig in the parlor? Cats and puppies—always, birds—sometimes, but pink pigs—never. Yet I can do twice as many tricks as our friend Patches (tho he is a smart puppy) and wear a blue ribbon bow as becomingly as you, dear Cream Puff."

Cream Puff nodded and, kittenlike, began to wash her silky, turned-up nose. "It must be dreadful not to be a pet," she purred. "Perhaps Patches and I can think of a way to help you."

"Why not ask the old Pet Man?" barked the pup. "Here he comes now, and if a guess is true his basket is heavy with a pet of some kind on its way to a new home." The gay little kitten and the sad little pig turned to see the old fellow trudging up the sun-checked street. Every now and then he set the hamper down on the sidewalk to ease his tired back.

"Good-by!" cried Wag. "I'm off to be a pet," and away he scampered to catch up with the old man's shadow as it rested around the corner of another street.

How it all happened so quickly no one ever knew. Out of the basket rolled two fluffy little poodle dogs and into the basket popped a pink little pig. Patches and Cream Puff were speechless. They could neither bark nor mew as they saw their friend carried away on the back of the unsuspecting Pet Man. So they pitty-pattered and paddy-tip-toed at a safe distance behind until they came to a big stone house on the edge of a posy-ringed park. A tall man in uniform answered the bell.

"Mrs. Hitchcock's pets, sir," explained the old Pet Man as he handed the hamper thru the door.

"Mrs. Hitchcock's pets, ma'am," caroled the butler as he lifted the basket thru another door into a room where six ladies were sipping tea.

"How elegant," cried the most beautiful one. "Those are my new French-poodle twins. Open the hamper, James, and let us take a peep at the cunning things." James bowed smilingly and lifted the lid. From the depths of delicate blue satin poked a saucy head. It was Wag. Dear, foolish, hopeful little Wag.

"Horrors, a pig!" cried Mrs. Hitchcock.

"A pig! A pink pig!" shrieked the others. "Whoever heard of a pig in an overstuffed parlor?"

"Out with you," cried James as he chased poor frightened Wag about the room. "Out with you—Shoo! Scat! Scat! Boo!" Round and round and round they went. (Wag was so excited he couldn't find the door.) Tea cart and tables—teacups and teaspoons and lovely ladies clattered and clattered and were upset to the floor. Suddenly Wag spied the door, and in a twinklet he was on the other side of it. There he found Patches and Cream Puff looking round-eyed and expectant.

"What happened?" they asked in one breath, and "Do you like being a pet?" they asked in the other. But the pink pig was too far away to answer either question. He was hastily trotting home to Piggywig Gee House, where there were no parlors nor lovely ladies, and only Chirpie, the wooden bird who lives on the roof-top for a pet.

## Spysu's Zesi

[This is an anagram-puzzle poem. Try to make words of the jumbled letters. Then look on the next page.]

A ewe iytn laslm tltil act neo ayd  
etWn tou ot het nbra orf a apn ni eth  
yah;  
tuB ch aws culs a ehgu glera egtar  
igb smeuo  
eH tef'ulodwt eb frase ot plsee ni  
het shuoq.



## "Teddy"

I LIVE in the Northwoods of Wisconsin in a log cabin. Last spring I found a baby crow. He is a great pet. His name is Teddy and he will come when I call him. He is a very clean bird. He would take a bath three or four times a day even in zero weather if I allowed him to. He likes to play with my small toy auto and pulls it around on a string. He sits on the back of my mother's rocking chair and takes her comb out of her hair. He eats with our little dog, and she does not bite him.

Teddy had a very great adventure last fall. When he was walking around in our back yard a hawk swooped down and picked him up, carried him out as far as our barn, and dropped him on a pile of logs. Squawking for dear life, Teddy brought my father and me to his rescue.—Jack Miller, (13 years old), Wisconsin.

## "Squiffy"

DEAR Boys and Girls: I am a little green turtle. You could easily cover me up with a half-dollar. I am a peculiar shade of green, with a red spot back of each ear. My stomach is yellow with black spots. Frances' friends say the like me.

Before Frances bought me last September, I was living with my comrades at a pet shop in Washington, D. C. My sister also bought a turtle. They carried us to a house where another turtle was in a white bowl. He told us his name was "Peepers" and asked me mine. I didn't know then, but later Frances told me it was "Squiffy."

In a few days they brought us down here to Tennessee, and Frances gave me a green bowl and a lot of pretty colored rocks. She carried me to school one day and many boys and girls touched me. One boy tried to scare some girl with me, but he scared me most of all. By the way, Santa Claus didn't forget me. He brought me a big pretty shell. Frances said it came from Florida. I don't know where that is, but I guess you do. Good-by "Squiffy." (As dictated to Frances Gordon, 13 years old, Tennessee.)

[What do you read? I like "Bett of the Consulate," by Lydia Trowbridge, and V. M. Hilley "A Child's Geography of the World."—Louise.]





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